*HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT WE TAKE! By Emily B. Johnson in The Chautauquan.

O Heart, we will no longer question, You and I. Of all the strange perplexing things that lie About our destiny,

Saying, alas! we tarried here too long
To grasp our fate.
And there we falled in patient hope to wait.
The opening of a gate

That would have led to greener pastures.

Where cool rivers flowed,
And golden sands upon their margin glowed,
And smooth the road,

Winding away among the sheltering trees, Where perfumed breeze

We might have shunned this pain, For seeming gain, Once being lost, came never back again Through sun or rain.

Nay. Heart, but let us make, Our refuge here. He knoweth the way we take, Through smills or tear, In sunbright ways, Or deserts lone and drear.

In His unerring hand
He holds the plan,
Which His Omniscience scanned,
Ere we began
This way or that to trend,
Toward the end.

Here resting let us make Nor mean nor or Nor moan nor cry,
Though all the world go by,
Hushing all passionate pain
Because of the unattained,
For His most blessed sake,
Who knoweth the way we take.

A - DAUGHTER OF THESPIS.

BY JOHN D. BARRY.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

Miss Genevieve's sigh might have meant many things; to Evelyn it suggested only one: The girl from New-York saw in Harold Seymour another possible conquest. This thought gave her not a pang of jealousy; it simply amused her. Miss Genevieve was not the kind of person to interest a man like Seymour. Yet the possibility of having such a person for a rival-Miss Genevieve would make a desperate rival; she would allow no conventionalities to stop heroccurred to her several times. It would be interesting to watch her manoeuvring with him.

Mrs. Appleby's parlors while she was deep in suspicions. She was obliged to introduce him, and Miss. Genevieve didn't attempt to hide her rapture at meeting him; on the contrary, she let se upon him the vials of her gush. He seemed amused by her, though the impressionable New-York girl, with a fondness for stage heroes, was a type familiar to him. Evelyn saw plainly now that Miss Genevieve regarded Seymour as a fine possibility; but he made no effort to please her. He had come over for the purpose of taking his friends down for their morning swim, and Evelyn, out of courtesy, was obliged to ask the

sisters to go with them. "We should like to go down-with you," said Miss Coffey, "but we never godin." "It's so hard to get your-hair/dry again," Miss

'And such a bother to dress," her sister added. They were very gracious to Madge; but the soubrette was hardly civil to them; she thought that Evelyn's willingness to "pick up" with such "snobs" showed great lack of spirit.

Genevieve explained.

"Where's Mrs.; Cohn, and the dear boys?"

"The boys are down at the boathouse," said Evelyn, "and I suppose Mrs. (Cohn is up in her room writing. She's always writing nowadays. I'll call her." Mrs. Cohntwas, surprised to see the Coffey

girls hand in glove with her friends, but she accepted the situation with her usual tact and grace; she had read somewhere that it was always vulgar to show surprise. At the beach, while the others were changing their clothes, she sat and conferred with them, and they regaled her with their history, safter the manner of people just forming an intimacy, little-knowing that they were furnishing material for Mrs. Cohn's conjugatécorrespondence.

Evelyn meanwhile had to undergo a scolding from Madgeofor having-accepted the advances of the sisters. "The idea! Aftersall these weeks, duced me, I would have surned any backson them. You ain't got a bit of spunk, Evelyn Johnson You owed'it togthe profession to sition 'em."

"That's true, Madge; I haven't any spunk. But the girls are quite nice when you know them They've been broughtsup shadly, that's all. The older one/hasta-greatsdeals of character, and her devotion to her sister is really touching. Can't you see that sher sacrifices herself for her all "I think they're two stuck-up othings-that's

just what I think, of 'em." "You're very severe in your f judgments

Madge," said Evelyn with a smile,

"Oh, you're too angelto for this world." ! The Madge went on after a moment: "Just think.
To-morrow I shall be thome; again—to-night, for that matter. I wonder if Jimmy'll be glad.
I shall just give it to him for not coming to see

"Don't be hard-outhim, Madge."
"Oh, how you talk e Astif you were so forgiv-

Ing yourself."
Evelyn flushed and said nothing.
"Why don't you take him back, dear?" Madge went on, more gently. "Can't you see that he's just dring for you?" "He seems to be wery well," said Evelyn, smil-

"He seems to be very well," said Evelyn, smiling.

"H'm! It doesn't down treatmen very long as you've been treating him this summer. Most men would have kicked long ago. Still I'know what fun it is just to tantalize a man."

"I'm not tantalizing him," cried Evelyn, with a touch of resentment in her atone.

"Now, my dear!"

"What do you mean?"

"I know you're very mice, t Evelyn, but don't you think yourself that you're just the least bit of a flirt?"

"How can you says such things, Madge?" Eve.

How can you says web things, Madge?" Eve-

tyn cried resentfully.
"Oh, now, don't getsmad., But you know-you have—you have played-him with Mr. Webb."

"Madge!"
"There you are again. How touchy you are.
Now, tell me the truth. Haven't you—haven't
you tried to make him just a little jealous; just
the least bit, you know?"
Evelyn looked at her friend despairingly. "I Evelyn looked at her friends despairingly. "I don't know what has put these ideas into your head; but they're utterly mistaken; they're ridiculous. And how can you connect my name with Mr. Webb's—with the name of a married man?"

Her eyes filled with tears and Madge, who feared that they were going to burst into a flood, exclaimed: "Oh, I didn't mean anything, really. I didn't mean anything. I was just fooling. Oh, I'm so serry. I'm sovsorry. Please don't cry. dear; please don't."

"That's very serious fooling." said Evelyn, turning her head away.
"But it did—it, did vx*-him—those readings with Mr. Webb. Didn't he say anything about them?"

"That was noble of him. He just kept silent and suffered. I like that in a man." "He wouldn't have dared to say such a thing

"He wouldn't have dared to say such a thing to me."

"Oh, dear. But you might have got him to help you with the part. Don't you think so yourself?"

"He was too lazy. He had all he could do with his own part. Did he speak to you about it?"

"That isn't a fair question."

"Well, did he?"

"Yes, he did."

"h! He seems to be making confidants of all my friends."

"That's because they all sympathize with him."

Madie laughed.

"That's because they all sympathize with him," Made laughed.
When they entered the water they found that it was unusually warm. There were times when it was so cold that Evelyn could not remain in it for more than three or four minutes. To-day she had a desire to swim out; possibly Madge's disclosule made her wish to get away as far as possible where she could think without interruption. Ishe felt a tingling sense of indignation that any one should have presumed to comment on her acquaintance with Oswald Webb, and she grew the more indignant when she reflected that Harod Seymour, who knew her so thoroughly, should have been the last person in the world to de so. She made no allowance for a lover's natural solicitude, and its close approximation to Jealousy; if such a thought had oc-

curred to her she would have set it aside on the plea that Seymour was not her lover. "Are you trying to get away from us?" a fa-miliar voice asked, as she struck out from the

shore.
"I feel like swimming over to Europe," she replied without turning her head.
"Then I'll swim after you."
With his long regular strokes Seymour soon overteel her.

vertook her.
"I wish you wouldn't follow me," she sald.
"I'll follow you to the end of the earth," he

"I'll follow you to the end of the earth," he aughed.
"Well, I'm not going to the end of the earth, So please turn back."
"It isn't safe for you to go out far,"
"I'm not afraid."
"But I am."
"Well, then, go back."
"I'mean I'm afraid for you."
"You needn't be."
She kept on slowly breasting the waves. He swam on one side a little ahead of her, and looked into her face. She was determined to shake him off if possible; she didn't like the tone of authority in which he had just spoken, though he had seemed to speak in jest. For a moment they said nothing; she made hard work of swimming; but it seemed to cause him no exertion. "This relieved the tension, and the boys, who had been much frightened, came to their senses are unto looked into her face. She was determined to her and looked into her face. She was determined to looked into her face, She was looked in the same of the waters. Thus the lime is suitable to face, and the circumstances are quite romantic."

"This is a good a time as any, it seems to me, and the circumstances are quite romantic."

"You must let me think a little longer."

"What good will that do?"

"I don't know my own mind." She got another mouthful of water, it made her sputter again and cough.

"It's a very simple matter, Just tell me that we're engaged again and we can manage the details afterward."

"I can't, I can't, she cried, holding her head out of the water so as not to get a third mouthful. "I'm all confused, I've begun to see thing differently lately. That's why I don't know my own mind. You must give he time think."

"Ah, I see," he said, with a sarcastic inflection that was new to him. "Perhaps you've met some one that you like better, some one more talented, some one."

"Ah, I see," he said, with a sarcastic inflection that was new to him. "Perhaps you've met some one that you like better, some one one more talented, some one."

"How can an anything in her agitation to held the water had an awallowing more of the water. But for her conversation with Madee, she would that fresh in her mind, it ma

"Don't know," said Seymour, in the said thinking of Miss Finley.

The young man laughed and bent his keer eyes on him. "I know who you are," he smiled, "and I can guess who the lady is."

"What paper are you on?" asked Seymour looking him square in the face.

"The Mail."

Sameour out out his hand, which the young man "I didn't mean anything in particular. I certainly didn't mean to say anything that would hurt your feelings."

For several moments they swam on in silence.
"You will tire yourself out," said Seymour at last,
"Do turn back, won't you. The people on the beach will get frightened. You know how timid Mrs, Cohn is."

"Mrs, Cohn has confidence in me, I wish you wouldn't follow. I am quite able to take care of myself."

All tight, the reporter replied, persed with the appeal to himself as a "gentleman."
"I know I can trust you," Seymour said, as he turned to hurry back to his dressing-room. "Come up and have a cigar."
"Never mind the cigar," the reporter laughed. "You can give me that some other time." "Well, if I turn back will you turn back soan?" "I shall turn sooner than I would if you fol-

"All right then. I'll go back." He turned cound, but he didn't keep his word. He simply sated and watched her as she went on. He mild see Mrs. Cohn waving her parasol from a shore; this was, of course, a sign that velyn was going out too far. For a moment he is impatient with her; she ought to know better an to be so reckless, to frighten her friends, ien he blamed himself; of course, she was imming out so far simply because he had urged r not to do so, with the perversity natural to then he blaimed himself; of course, she was swimming out so far simply because he had urged her hot to do so, with the perversity natural to women. As he watched her he grew more and more nervous; he was afraid that the water he had seen her swallow might nameate her and hat her strength would give out; but he didn't hare follow her for fear of inciting her to keep m. So he swam about in a circle, occasionally ying on his back and then treading water, varehing her all the time. Finally, when she and gone some distance beyond him, she turned and looked toward the shore. When she saw that a long distance she had to traverse back he hought he detected an expression of dismay on er face, but he might have imagined that, nstead of swimming toward her, he waited for er to come up to him. As she approached eithin a few yards of the place where he was sating he noticed that she was pale and that er lips were purple.

A timely volume has just been issued from the six far as Tarrytown on Saturday afternoon of Saturday, and to he foll strength of the troop an hand part of the said of the tour of duty the troop of him after the was pale and that er lips were purple.

A timely volume has just been issued from the swing to her to do to the city, arriving here carry on morning. June 24.

A timely volume has just been issued from the swing to the course of the city arriving here carry on morning.

e didn't reply for a moment; then she gasped, He swam up to her. "If you are tired, just naval forces of this State. The put your hand on me."
"I feel weak and ill." she cried desperately,
clutching at his arm. "It's that—that water I've first time to perform

He made no comment on her foolhardiness and

"Just rest your left hand on this shoulder," he said, quietly, "and we'll swim along together. Don't exert yourself; only make the motions. Be sure and keep your feet moving. There, Now we're all right."

"Oh, that's better," she said. "I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm so cold. The water seems to have changed. Hasn't it changed?"

"Perhaps so."

energy into his stroke.

For a few moments she was silent. Then she said: "It was very foolish of me."
"It's all right; no harm done.
"My strength is going," she whispered. They were moving with the waves now and she could speak without gulping down water.
"You mustn't let go," he cried.
"I'm afraid I'm going to faint."
"Don't faint till you get on shore. Then you can faint as much as you like."
"Oh, I know I shall die," the said, "I shall be drowned."
"You will if you talk all your strength area."

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"Oh, that's better," she said. "I don't know what's the matter with me; I'm so-coid. The water seems to have changed. Hasn't it changed?"

"Perhaps so."

"And I feel so ill. I wonder if we'll ever get back to the shore.

"Oh, yes," he replied, cheerly, putting fresh energy into his stroke.

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"Oh, I know I shall die," she said, "I shall be drowned."

"You will if you talk ail your strength away," he exclaimed; "and so shall I, for I'm determined that if you go to the bottom, I'll go, too. Now please keep quiet and well get back without any please keep quiet and well got back without any please keep quiet and well got back without any please keep quiet and well got back without any please keep quiet and well got back without go."

"You will if you talk ail your strength away," he exclaimed; "and so shall I, for I'm determined that if you go to the bottom, I'll go, too. Now please keep quiet and well got back without any, and don't let go your hold. If you do we're both gone."

It seemed an eternity to her before they It seemed an eternity to her before they preached the shore. Her strength, which appeared to be slipping from her, she retained by pacared to be slipping from her, she retained as people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of their whole lives, and she people had visions of

you? Keep your feet moving if you possibly can, 'and don't let go your hold. If you do we're both gone.'

It seemed an eternity to her before they reached the shore. Her strength, which appeared to be slipping from her, she retained by a strong effort of will. She had read that dying people had visions of their whole lives, and she thought that she was on the verge of death. She didn't have a vision of the whole of her life; but she realized how dear life was to her, how dear those were that she loved, and chiefly how dear Harold Seymour was; all the doubts of him that of late she had been cherishing seemed foolighs now; she wanted to cling to life and to his love. She would have liked then and there to 'tell him that she loved him uninterruptedly from the first, that she would willingly, gladly forgive everything and take him back, for without him her life would be miserable. But she had not strength enough to speak; she could only cling to him with conflicting feelings of horrer and happiness. She moved mechanically through the water; and when at last his feet touched the shore and to the they were all right now, a delicious feeling of joy at having been saved by him swept over her, and she fainted.

They had come back together so quietly, without sign of a struggle, that Mrs. Cohn and the Coffey sisters, who had been watching them, suspected no trouble until they saw Seymour take Evelyn in his arms and proceed to carry her out of the water. Ned Osgood was a short distance away, giving Madge a lesson in swimming, and the Stearns boys were swimming around them. When Evelyn reached the margin of the beach her friends on shore were there to receive her, and her other friends were clustering in dripping garments around her.

"It's nothing, nothing," cried Seymour, in answer to Mrs. Cohn's white-faced solicitude, "She's fainted, that's all. If we only had some brandy."

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swer to Mrs. Cohn's white-faced some of the condy.

"She's fainted, that's all. If we only had some brandy."

"I'll go up to the house and get some," cried Ned. Then he looked down at his bathing suit and hesitated.

"I'll go," exclaimed Miss Coffey. "I've got a flask in my room. I can run fast. I'll be back in a jiffy. Genevieve, you stay here and help Mrs. Cohn."

Seymour was still holding Evelyn in his arms, and she gave no sign of life.

"Take her up to the bathhouse," said Mrs. Cohn, shaking herself from the state of inertia to which she had been momentarily reduced. "She'll come to in a minute."

Seymour did as he was bidden, and as he carried Evelyn the two ladies and Madge and the boys, on whose faces and backs the water was running down in little streams, followed. Madge was so awe-stricken by the catastrophe that she was unable to formulate a remerk. She had and open the door of Evelyn's room. Miss Coffey's claims to fleetness had not been exaggeated, for very soon after Seymour had left his burden with Mrs. Cohn and Madge, she reappeared among them, panting and bearing in her hand a silver flask.

"H-how is she?" she cried, as she ran up the steps of the bathhouse. "H-here it is. Pour it down, quick."

The door was kept open to give the sufferer air, and the four soaked and limp figures of Seymour and the boys stood sheepishly without, at a modest distance away.

statue. The original plan or design of the monu-ment has been changed, but it is not expected that the change will increase the cost. If it should, one of the committee, who was on the staff of General Buford, has agreed to make up the difference from his own pocket. the last person in the de no allowance for a and its close approxicate a thought had oc-Lieutenant J. L. Chamberlain, of the 1st Artillery, stationed at Fort Wadsworth, has been engaged for some time with the work of the Board on Range and Position finders, and is now making a chart of New-York Harbot.

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder.



"The Mall."
Seymour put out his hand, which the young mar took good-naturedly. "I'm going to ask a favor of you. Don't mention this in your paper, or to any one. I ask it as a gentleman to a gen-

NATIONAL GUARD AFFAIRS.

ARMY NOTES OF INTEREST.

The order issued by Secretary Lamont a few days ago defining "bureaus" and "chiefs of bureaus," and

reaus to "two" officers in each bureau, "except by special order of the Secretary of War"; and directing that chief clerks shall twice each day "personally supervise the work" going on in each room occupied by the force of their respective bureaus, was not only a bombshell failing in the peaceful camp of the War Department, but it has spread to the interest of posts and stations, and will no doubt be the chief topic of conversation and reflection among the officers for some time to come. One of the results will be to relieve from duty at the Department and send to other stations at least a half-dozen staff officers, and to make other changes among other efficers.

Officers are also speculating as to whether the actual practice of the new scheme will not soon

actual practice of the new scheme will not seen force some modifications of the order, for there is

for such a reversal of methods and conditions of long standing. It is asserted that the scheme lacks many merits which the old system possessed. The new programme, however, is regarded with favor by many officers, but even these are reserved in their opinions that the means and methods are the wisest that could have been adopted. In certain features there is a wide discretion left to its prac-tical working.

publication the Army Regulations, has completed about 80 per cent of the work laid out, and more

than half of it has been examined and revised by General Schoffeld and Adjutant-General Ruggles. To those who have written to The Tribune asking what progress is being made in this work, it may be said that the revised work will be in the hands of the Public Printer before September 1.

unemployed who would make good soldlers, but who are apprehensive that a soldler's life is a hand-to-

A retired soldier who committed suicide at Mount Vernon, Aia, on May 13, left a considerable property in that State, including a home and a large tract of band. No one seems to know whether he had any relatives, but if there are any, the War Department can be applied to for information as to their right to claim his estate.

The Buford Memorial Committee is making goo progrees with its work, and only about \$400 more of the \$3,000 asked for is lacking to complete the

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of Sold Everywhere. a century.

This relieved the tension, and the boys, who had been much frightened, came to their senses ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES ON ITS BANKS.

DELIGHTFUL PLACES TO SPEND THE SUMMER

and the mineral spring resorts all have their to spend those weeks every year where, with rest and change of scene, strength to do battle in the coming city season may be gained. Comparatively few choose for their vacation homes the pretty places along the lower Hudson, though in point of beauty they compare favorably with anything in this neighborhood. Wherever the great Architect of the Universe has placed a mighty stream, a waterway with fertile, sloping banks, with nooks and crags and crames where the sun and moon-light make fantastic pictures, there the iranginative writer has found a field for story, there the gnome, the fairy, good and bad, the water nymph and the enchantress have been made to do and say their parts, and their deets and sayings have become as land he passes a part of the river where some of the most important events in the country's strugsie for independence took place, and these with the landmarks left in their wake make the lower

t is not sufficient to view these places from a ca window or from the deck of a rapidly passing teamer. One must see the river from the bank, walk the old highways that once resounded with th tramp of Continental soldiers, see the street where satriotism and treason stood side by side-one must

evidence of the venality of Arnold, of the suggestly of Washington; here are the places made dear to in their struggle for liberty, here are the traditions

spot on the river bank. On all sides are points and places reminiscent of the romanoers of the Hudson, the old bankbiants show you. Sleepy Hollow," the old bankbiants show you. Sleepy Hollow," the old butch Church, and the identical bridge over which the "headless horseman" pursued the schoolmaster, Ichabsel Crane.

It was here that Major André was captured, and the treachery of Benedict Arnold exposed. Here stands the monument to the memory of the hapless André, whose devotion to his chief brought him to an inglorious death, and whose good qualities were recognized by the descendants of those who hanged him. It is impossible to travel far along either bank of the Hudson hereabouts without hearing stories of Benedict Arnold and of Major André, Washington Irving told the tale no better in his day than do some of the later day admirers of John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart and David Williams, who made André a captive here.

"Their Richard's version of the event has probably never been published," said one who knew the old gentleman. "Isenedict Arnold, you know, had command of West Point, and he knew that the plance was essential to success of the Continental cause. He plotted, as everybedy knows, to turn it over to the enemy, and in the correspondence which he carried on with teneral Clinton, young André, Clinton's aid, did all the writing. Things were coming to a fostig, when a meeting took place between Arnold and Clinton's representative, André, at the house of Jashua Hett Smith, near Haverstraw Bay, Weil," so runs Uncle Richard's yarn, "It took a long time to get matters settled; they confabbed till after daybreak. Then Arnold started back to the post which he had plotted to surrender. But daylight was no time for André to return to the Vulture, so he hung round waiting for night.

HARD CIDER RESPONSIBLE.

"During that day some men who were working for James Horton, a farmer on the ridge overlook-They felt good and thought it would be a good

They felt good and theorgic it would be a good joke to load and fire off an old disabled cannon which lay a mile or so away on the bank. They hauled it to the point now called Cockroft Point, propped it up, and then the spirit of fun—and hard cider—prompted them to train the old piece on the British ship Vulture, lying at anchor in the Bay. The Vulture's people must have overestimated the source of the fire, for the ship dropped down the river, and André had to abandon the idea of returning by that means. He crossed the river at Kings Ferry, and while on his way overland was captured at Tarrytown.

"Of course, the three brave men who refused to be bribed deserve all the slory they ever had; if it were not for them who knows but the revolutionary war would have had a chance to capture André if it had not been for James Horton's men getting full on hard cider. Is it any wonder that the good American should be fond of the drink—lan't it right that he should se? Hard cider broke the plans of Arnold, it hung André and it saved West Point—and that's Uncle Richsard's story."

Descendants of two of these men, Mosher and Peterson, still live at or near Croton. The Petersons are boat-builders and have made some of the fleetest cathoats in these waters. At Tappan, on the west shore, stands the house in which André was imprisoned, and the place where he was shot on October 2, 1780, is known as Gallows Hill.

ATTRACTIONS AT NYACK.

by ferry, is the pretty town of Nyack. From its situation and its proximity to New-York City, this

uresque village one of the gems of the river. The Tappan Zee Hotel stands on an eminence within a short distance of the river, and affords from its plazzas and upper windows a fine view in all directions. The Country Club has its large and perfect clubhouse at Upper Nyack, where its 200 members, many of whom are residents of New-York, find first-class club accommodations. There is a boat club also, which supports an elaborate clubhouse, having gymnashum, bowling alley and billiard-rooms. During the coaching season the Tuxedo coach stops at George Bardine's St. George Hotel for its lunch-eon. From here there are fine drives to Rockland Lake, Sparksville, and one through a broad, shaded street to the Hook, three miles distant.

Senator Lexow's beautiful house is here, Leo C. Dessar, William J. Duryea, S. R. Bradley William H. Mairs, A. C. Tucker, Joseph Hilton, Alexander Pollock, Mrs. Charles A. Brush, Alexander Frazer, John L. Salisbury, George M. Hard, Mrs. Stephen R. Pinkney and William C. Glison are among those who own and occupy beautiful homes here.

Cranstons-on-Hudson, about midway in the Highlands, is a popular summer resort and worths its popularity. The hotel stands on a rocky promontory which rises perpendicularly from the water over 250 feet and overlooks the river for miles. To one fond of mountain scenery these views are a feast, and one of which the eye never tires, From the great plazza, which in cold weather is inclosed with glass, can be seen a long stretch of the east shore of the river, with its summer homes, ranging from the picturesque cottage to the turreted castic looking out over the dense woods, which from here give no evidence of the winding paths and smooth roads which lead by easy terraces to the pinnacle.

HEADQUARTERS OF ARNOLD. It is there opposite Cranstons, near the handsome house of the late Hamilton Fish, that the house which once served the traitor Arnold as a headquarters still stands. Looking up the river one sees the site of Fort Constitution, and back from the river, overlooking the military grounds of West Point, a glimpse is caught of Fort Putnam, with the stormy peak of "Crow's Nest" in the distance. The Hotel Augustin, with its fine rooms, good table and ample accommodations, would in any case be a popular one, but situated as it is, on one of the most beautiful spots on the Hudson, it becomes doubly attractive, and it is little wonder that often during the season it is taxed to its fullest capacity. There are several pretty cottages on the hotel grounds which have already been engaged for the coming season. Among those who will probably be guests at Cranstons are: Mrs. U. S. Grant, Colonel F. D. Grant and family, and Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Its superior situation has induced many wealthy people to build their country houses here. Among the most notable are the homes of J. Pierpont Morgan, John Bigelow, Charles Tracey, Alfred Pell and Mrs. Simeon Draper. Point, a glimpse is caught of Fort Putnam, with WHERE GALLANT SOLDIERS ARE TRAINED.

The Government reservation, with military school

at West Point is only a little over a mile from

Cranstons, and the drive to it is delightful. West Point is in the heart of the Highlands, and is the most interesting point because of the school here situated, from which have been graduated the men whose names are written on the brightest pages of the country's history, not only interesting because in revolutionary times it was the scene of important events, but because the heauty of the river here reaches the highest point. The pencil and the brush of artists have chosen this point for works before which thousands have stood in admiration. The poet and the story-teller have made vain efforts to describe what to him who lives in its shadow is an ever-changing picture of nature.

Some years are, when the first delegation of Apache Indians was brought to Washington, there to sign a treaty of peace, the Indians were taken for an outing up the Hudson by General O. O. Howard and Dr. Herman Bendell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Arizona. They noted with cold indifference the palaces along the river front. The artistic terraces, the well-kept, sloping lawns, the clipped hedges and the ive-grown waits made no impression on them, but when the magnificent picture of the Hudson at West Point revealed itself to them, painted by the rays of the sinking sun, these wild men stood erect, raised their hands high above their heads and uttered a monosylable expression of delight which was more expressive than volumes of words.

Garrisons-on-the-Hudson is directly opposite West Point and connected by ferry. Here are the homes of Hamilton Fish, William C. Osborn, Fairifield Osborn, James Glover, John H. Igelin, Colonel William E. Rogers, the Rey, Dr. Walter Thompson, J. M. Tousey and Samuel Sloan, Garrison's is a favorite summer resort. It has two good hatels—the Highland House is the larger and is in every respect a first-class summer hotel. It stands 300 feet above the Hudson River, has telephone and telegraph connections, bowling alleys, billiard tables and tennis courts, attractive walks and charming drives and a well-supplied table. most interesting point because of the school here situated, from which have been graduated the men

IN THE CATSKILLS.

NEW-YORK'S OLD MOUNTAIN RANGE WAS NEVER MORE POPULAR.

EASILY ACCESSIBLE FROM THE MOTROPOLIS VET IN NO SENSE A SUBURB-A GLANCE AT THE HOTELS AND VILLAGES.

ton, N. Y., June 9 (Special).-The charming Catakills are brimming anew with percential glory. Time only serves to enhance the beauties and adwooded crags and sloping valleys. Not alone for the rich do these mountains unlock their doors of beauty and healthfulness, but those of moderate means and small savings who must stop to count the cost will find an abounding welcome without serious demands upon their purse.

All the hotels, great and small, priv houses and the little farm cottages included are now nearly prepared for business. The general outunusually bright. Most of the landlords report

There are no large new hotels to open for the first time this season. There are probably enough of such in the Catskills already. The only extensive addition to existing capacities worthy of While the facilities of this charming mountain vil-lage far exceed those of any other point in the Catskills, the demand for them increases at a surprising rate each year.

The frequent parlor-car service on the Ulster

and Delaware has made the place comfortably accessible. A business man can leave his cottage here in the morning, transact business for a few hours night for dinner, if he desires. Among the leading hotels are the new Grant House, Greycourt Inn, Hamilton, Ingleside, Simpson Terrace, Madison, Bancroft, Westholm, Cold Spring and the Tanner, Visitors will find many new cottages going up in various parts of the town. The Wyckoff cottage, on Brooklyn Heights, has been taken by Townsend MacCoun, of Englewood. Dr. L. M. C. Bristol, of New-York, has again rented the pretty Grant cot-tage. Nathaniel Frothingham, B. T. Frothing-ham and George W. Parker, of Brooklyn, are at Simpson Terrace, as usual. The Stamford Athlette and Driving Association has recently been formed, and a plot of fourteen acres has been pur-

kill, one of the largest mountain hotels in the world. How much it has done to popularize and develop this region as a summer resort, few ever stop to estimate. That it has never paid the enthusiastic owner as a business enterprise is another matter. Its continuance as a brilliant and fashion-able resort with every liberal provision for the comfort and pleasure of its patrons is certainly a subject for congratulation. F. B. Alvord is again in charge of the front office, with Mr. Harding in general control of the whole. The roads in Kaaterskill Park have been put in good repair and the drives The New Grand Hotel on Summit Mountain is

the most extensive resort in the western part of the range, and it has been deservedly popular and sucunder the management of the Messrs, Cornell, the Grampian and the Belle Ayr hotels. Down on the Delaware side of the slope, at Griffin's Corners, are numerous charming cottages. Among them are those of Anton Seidi and the Fleischmann family. Several new ones have been erected since last year. At Pine Hill all the old favorite houses are hanging out a new welcome, and the little mountain hamlet is fully Hotel Ulster, Cornish, Cole's, Benvenue, Bonnie View, Brewerton and Alpine are some of the names by which the hotels are known. The Guigou has now been leased by Thomas R. Moore, the St. Delaware, at Roxbury, the erection of the handsome Gould Memorial Church, now nearing completion and the choice of a summer residence there by Miss likely to increase its summer contingent materially. At Arkville and Margaretville numerous visitors are wont to linger, including artists of renown. De Pachmann, the planist, has been there lately in quest of an abode. The Ackerly House is a favorite Margaretville resort. Down at Big Indian, Shandaken, Phoenicia and Mount Pleasant there are several which one journeys to the Giant Slide peak, are in their crude, though genuine, hospitality.

The Tremper House at Phoenicia is again under

877 and 879 Broadway, N.Y.

No Summer Home is Complete without Some of the useful and highly

artistic pieces mentioned below Bamboo Lawn Chairs

Half reclining backs, giving perfect comfort. Made of Twisted Bamboo,

Moorish Rush Chairs

Specially suited for mountains, seaside, lawns and country cottage, Made of India Swamp Rush, in Moorish designs. POSITIVELY IMPERVIOUS TO WATER

Cairo Folding Stands



India Seats

Unequalled for comfort and artistic in effect.

Workmanship of the finest. Made in Oak, Cherry, Ebony, Maple, Mahogany, Walnut and White Enamel,

3,50 each. Turkish Tabourets

Inlaid with Pearl. Highly polished setting, 9.00, 12.00. 17.50 ench.

In Oak, Mahogany, Maple,

Cherry, White or Black Enamel, 3 sizes, 3.00, 3.75, 5.00 each.

Tokio Grass Lawn Seats 10° ench.

"Vantine's Compeitos,"

Superintendent Jones, of the Ulster and Delaware Ratiroad. The house opens on June 20. The Paisce

mountain slopes, each at the mass tages and other attractive buildings. All this mass tages and other attractive buildings. All this mass tages and other attractive buildings at the whole mountain railroad.

Next to It, however, is Haines Corners at the head of the famous Kaaterskill Clove. Here is the noted and beautiful Twilight Park. The cubiuses and cottages are quainful rustle, and ofter about the continuous and cottages are quainful rustle, and ofter about the continuous and the season, has the owners. Butler & Legest, again as managers. The Loxhurst is another gest, again as managers. The Loxhurst is another pleasant hotel, delightfully located at the head of the Clove, where the owner and manager. Busk treats his patrons well. The Haines Fails Hous and the Hailenbeck are popular.

The new-old Laurel House, at the Falls, is gain under the management of J. R. Palmer, and the same wood. The falls just now are greatly enhanced in beauty by a coptous supply of water, and the same naver was more beautiful.

The Catskill Mountain House, the ploner mountain resort, opens for its seventy-second sease the structure in recent years. The Beach refine the structure in recent years. The Beach refine is still in force, with the veteran Charles I. Beach on the ground. The Oits elevating railroad rust brings visitors straight up the face of the mountain connecting with the Catskill Mountain rust at the base. This line brings passengers who corner to

on the ground. The Otis elevating rands beings visitors straight up the face of the mountain connecting with the Catskill Mountain road at the base. This line brings passengers who come in Catskill, either by Central or West Shore trains, at river boats. The trains are frequent and the read winds through a pleasing section bringing visitor to Palenville. Cairo and various other points. Dora at Catskill village are many more resorts favore by city people. Chief among them if the Proped by city people. Chief among them if the Proped by city people. Chief among them if the Proped by city people. Chief among them if the Proped by city people. Chief among them if the Proped by city people. Chief among them if the Proped a large and favorite hotel with a commanding we and charming location. The peoplar manage, w. F. Palge, is now in charge. The Grant House, of F. Palge, is now in charge. The Grant House, of the conducted by the owners. Grant & Cornel, is another large resort of delightful quist, in the village is the Irving House, which this season is under new management. All about the vicinity and other resorts of varied attractions and capacities. Then, too, there are many special localities through the proped in the proped is not foot at Robbury, to which it is said Miss Helen M. Gould be subscribed \$5.000.

Leading citizens of Stamford are making an effect of the village con high ground, commandiar the capital resorts of which was authorized by the carming view of the surrounding commandiar charming view of the surrounding mountains as charming view of the surrounding mountains as charming view of the surrounding mountains as the valley of the Delaware. It was formerly a charming view of the surrounding mountains and the valley of the Delaware. It was formerly a charming view of the surrounding mountains as and now presents a very attractive appearance.

RECALLING OLD TIMES BY THE RUDSON.

Rhinebeck, N. Y., June 9 (Special)—Mawanewark
the Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution held a social meeting last Tuceday afternor at
the home of Mrs. Martin W. Heermane, just well
of here, on the banks of the Hulson. A most interesting literary programme was given, the principal
teresting literary programme was given, the principal
feature of which was the paper prepared by Miss
Radeliffe and read by Mrs. Robert Johnston, chtitled, "Reminiscences of Colonial Days." Usder
this head the many places of historic interest for
this head the many places of historic interest for
which Rhinebeck is farmous were mentioned and
interesting incidents of its early history narratel.
Among those mentioned were Ankony, the home of
Mrs. William Bergh Kip, which derives its odd name
from the Indian chief who formerly owned the land;

Among those mentioned were Ankony, the home of Mrs. William Bergh Kip, which derives its old name from the Indian chief who formerly owned the land; also the ancient stone mansion now in good read and occupied by the Heermance family, which is one of the oldest houses along the river and has portholos in its thick walls. The officers of the chaper holes in its thick walls. The officers of the chaper holes in its thick walls. The officers of the chaper holes in its thick walls. The officers of the chaper holes in the state of the officers of the chaper holes in the state of the state of the chaper holes in the state of the